A tinkling jewel for her ear, A ribbon for her golden hair. And all this day, since morning dawned, My dear hath stood at yonder booth, And haggled with her gentle air About some dainty stuff to wear

That suits her beauty and her youth. All in the town of Vanity My love and I were born and bred; Our childhood at the Fair was spent; Unto it for a school we went; Within it all our prayers were said.

And there we early learned to seek Those fairings that for each were meet. I bargained most for wealth and place, My love for bonbons, slik and lace Those trifling sweetings of the sweet. But some way, now we've ta'en to love, And lovelier each other sec.

This splendid famous Fair of ours, Its booths heaped up with gold and flowers, Seems wearisome to her and me. For in this town of Vanity,

And in this Pair, the truth to tell, All treasures quickly fleet away, All roses wither in a day, And not one fairing 'dureth well.

And of our nature now we love, And over from ourselves have past, We can not help, so tenderly, I for my love, and she for me To wish some blessing that shall last We half incline the town to leave,

And pilgrim o'er the plains afar, Our faces toward the western sky, E'en to those pleasant hills that lie Along the blue horizon bar. But in this town of Vanity I prithee let no mortal know.

Lest we should meet the grievous end That did one Faithful, Christian's friend, In Vanity long time ago. Ah! surely out of Vanity My love and I to fice engage.

When she hath bought somewhat to wear, And I gold treasure, at the Fair, 'To serve us in our pilgrimage.

—Mary E. Wilkins, in Harper's Bazar.

GRAN'MA'S NEW HOUSE.

A Surprise Prepared For a Dear Old Mother.

The folks out here have had enough to do this summer watching and working over their crops of hay and barley and corn, praying for rain to fall and for rain to cease, carrying butter and to talk over the matter of Timothy cause he said his mother was getting pass another winter in." Bolton's new house. It is the first new house that has been built in Tamarack in fourteen years, and it is a serious good company for her, too, when he matter. There are big, strapping was off about his work. their lives. They have been supposing all along that shingles were always of that dull, drab, weather color that they appear to be on the old houses. And they never knew before that a shingle was a foot and a half long. How could they know it when they had never seen more than four inches of one in their lives?

"What are they thin at one end for? asked Deacon Bibb's boy one day. "So's the water'll run off," replied

one of the earpenters. "Oh, yes," said the boy, and he does not know to this day why the carpenters all haw-hawed so loudly.

The way Tim came to build the new house was: His mother, Gran'ma Bolton, as all the folks call her, went back East last spring to visit around among hersisters and the few old friends that were still alive in Vermont-to see them all once more before they died. as she said. It was Tim's doings. Gran'ma didn't believe she could ever in the world make up her mind to take such a long trip and be away from home a whole summer, but Tim is a go-ahead fellow and when he set his mind on it last fall it was pretty sure to come out that way. Tim had been to the city a good deal, and clear to New York once, and the world didn't seem so big to him as it did to gran'ma, who had lived right here in the old house since long before Tim

was born. Well, gran'ma got away early in April and in less than a week Tim had She couldn't speak another word. "Oh, some carpenters out from the city and they began to tear the old house down and pile it in the pasture lot back of the barn. Tim, who is an old bach, stowed the furniture away in the buggy-room and went over to Aunt Becky Todd's to live till the new house was done. Every day he was on hand mother?" asked Tim. doing more work than any two of the

carpenters, for, said he: "It's just like mother to come pokto give her a genuine surprise." "Tim's a good son," said all the along."

"There ain't many a boy that'd skite around the world as he has and come back and stick to his ma and not marry," said Job Harding one evening,

big platform in front of the store. "No. Look at Gus North," said though?" Charley Gibson; "went off and left his ma and sister to look out for themwas too busy to come to his ma's fu- bout right.

neral."

nothing of black clo'es." "But Tim never got so high-toned he couldn't come back and keep the old farm up. Of course he likes to have things, nice, and that's all right.

So they talked on and whittled the make yourself right to home." edge of the platform away evening Gran'ma stepped inside and looked after evening. Sometimes a discussion arose as to what particular idea again.

Tim had in putting this or that crock in the side or this or that crock in the last time I ran for alderman.

"You've come to stay awhile, I guess, which they have no sooner dropped than the side of fifteen or sixteen can be seen the process as the state of the side of roof; and then they would all shut show you where your room will be have read so much about the troubles. their knives and get up and kick out while you're here," and gayly she led in the labor market, that I am heartily

Then some plasterers came, then a wagonload of windows, with big panes of glass in them, only two panes to one of glass in them, only two panes to one of glass in them, only two panes to one of glass in them, only two panes to one of glass in them, only two panes to one of glass in them, only two panes to one of glass in them, only two panes to one of glass in them, only two panes to one of glass in them, only two panes to one of glass in them, only two panes to one of glass in them, only two panes to one of glass in them, only two panes to one of glass in them, only two panes to one of glass in them, only two panes to one of glass in them, only two panes to one of glass in them, only two panes to one of glass in them, only two panes to one of glass in them, only two panes to one of glass in them, only two panes to one of glass in them, only two panes to one of glass in them, only two panes to one of glass in them, only two panes to one of glass in them, only two panes to one of glass in them, only two panes to one of glass in them, only two panes to one of glass in them, only two panes to one of glass in them, only two panes to one of glass in them, only two panes to one of glass in them, only two panes to one of glass in them, only two panes to one of glass in them, only two panes to one of glass in them, only two panes to one of glass in them, only two panes to one of glass in them, only two panes to one of glass in them, only two panes to one of glass in them. It is easy to find the them when the target of glass in the work; but if you have a nice rare steak and a cup of the target of glass in the work; but if you have a nice rare steak and a cup of the target of glass in the work; but if you have a nice rare steak and a cup of the target of glass in the work; but if you have a nice rare steak and a cup of the province of glass in the work; but if you have a nice rare steak and a cup of the province of glass in the work; but if you have a nice rare steak and a cup of the province of glass in them. The able sash, and after that some doors-one hardly gave her time to glance at one tion." of them of real black walnut, with a thing before they called her attention silver-looking plate and "Mrs. Sarah to another. Bolton" cut into it. And they put a "Look at a woman that ought to be had just been married by a clergyman bell right in the middle of the don; -a perfectly happy," said Mrs. Watson, of a city, not knowing how to express new kind of bell that rings by a crank dragging Gran'ma before the tall look- his gratitude, in handing over a small instead of a knob and wire like Tom ing-glass. Judson's.

ain't he?" said Zeb Watson.

"Yes; but he's doing it for his ma; imself," replied Job Harding.

only at one end of them.

asked of one of the drivers on a fancy of soot across her pretty cheek. painted wagon. "We'll bring that out to-morrow,"

ne replied.

urniture that made the folks' eyes to her and made her very happy. on it after he had helped set it up in new-fangled things were for. the front room he bobbed up and down | The next afternoon when I called to and said, "Gosh!" and looked as if he see Gran'ma Bolton she sat in a little real marble top to it, and a big chair old ambrotype. cushions all over it—and a sort of any other," she said. "It seems to

with a looking glass on it that showed and rocked all my bables in it." you all over to yourself. s'pose that's about the comfortablest eyes.

spare room in this country." "That's not a spare room," replied | said, "and the furniture!" Tim; "that's mother's room. We're not going to have any company come into her eyes. to see us that deserves a better room than my mother does."

"Gee!" said Jabez. "So this is for blessing to your ma, that's all I've got | every thing for me. He didn't know-

to say. "And you haven't writ a word about it to her?" asked Job Harding. "No," said Tim; "I want it all to be

a surprise to her.' "Waal, it will be a surprise, sure enough. I snum, but I'd like to see in her apron. her eyes when she sets 'em onto this

Gran'ms Bolton came back last going to make me so happy! week. Tim went clear to Buffalo and eggs to market, and so forth. But Lizzie North, who was sort of living more comfortable than the old house. then when they have met at the store the new house and do the work, be- that the old house was hardly fit to and pinched it until the nations wall with along in years where she ought not to

mother that day. younger (so she was) and the men Brindle, and wondering where her call sort of sidled ashamed-like around could be, Lizzie come down and said

so" to every thing they heard the "Come on, mother," said Tim; "I said.

As Gran'ma turned toward home she saw the new house. "Why, Timothy, what is that?" she asked as if it frightened her.

"That's your new house, mother," he replied. The men and women all tried to get

she stood stock still and looked at it. Then Gran'ma said: Timothy!" that was all, and her eyes

"Do you like the looks of it,

tiful, very, but--"Never mind the buts, mother. It's ing back here before the time's up and all paid for, and we can afford it. We I want to have every thing ready so as might as well spend our money as we thengo, and get some good out of it. Come

and look at the beautiful new house. as a lot of the men were sitting on the two looked into each other's eyes seen that afternoon. as if to say: "Isn't she surprised,

to Daniel Toppin: "Waal, they can't mightn't bear it and-my! my! selves and wrote to his sister that he nobody say Tim ain't worked this thing | wouldn't it be just awful if she should

fifteen dollars to buy flowers with front steps Lizzie North whispered in Chicago News. when flowers was as cheap as dirt and something to Mrs. Watson and ran his sister wanting bread, to say around to the back door tight as she

could leg it. "See?" said Deacon Bibbs' wife. "Your own name on the door, Sary." Tim reached for the door-knob. "Sh!" said Mrs. Watson, as she

He can afford to have a new house and pushed his hand away and gave the bell-crank half a dozen vigorous turns. "And that big room with the what- The bell had hardly stopped soundd'ye-cali-it-that window that bulges ing when the door flew open and Lizzie out-that's for Gran'ma Bolton, and North stood inside, bowing and it's the best room in the house by all curtsying extravagantly, saying to Gran'ma Bolton: "Come right in:

"See here!" said young Mrs. Everitt, | next time."

"Tim's just slinging on the style, bouncing down on the bed and bobbing

up again. "Ain't you ashamed!" said Aunt he wouldn't put no bell on the door for Becky, as she smoothed out the white counterpane and straightened up a After awhile wagon loads of furni- ruffled pillow that had toppled over.

ture began to come-bedsteads with Then they all went down-stairs chatslats across them instead of ropes, tering like a flock of blackbirds, pointwashstands with cupboards in the bot- ing out this thing, pulling Gran'ma tom, chairs with little holes through around to look at that, and finally they the seats, and two lounges with arms stepped into the dining-room, where Lizzie was standing by the table with "Where's the front-room set?" Tim a clean white apron on and a smudge Everybody was as jolly as could be

-everybody but Gran'ma Bolton. She looked tired and kind of sad, but she The next day they brought some smiled and said it was a great surprise stand right out of their heads. A big After dinner Elder Gibson's wife oak bedstead with a headboard six whispered around among the others

feet tall and a lot of fancy carved that they all ought to be going; that things on it, with never a rope nor a Gran'ma was tired and ought to be left slat to its name, but a springy sort of alone. So one by one they went away thing made of bright wire crisscrossed and Lizzie North washed up the dishes in and out for the real hair mattress to while Tim showed his mother all over lie on. When Aleck Dempster lay down the house, and told her what all the

would like to lie right there and teeter- old-fashioned rocking-chair that she tauter the rest of his days. Then had brought in from the buggy-room. there was a washstand just like the Tim had gone to the city to order a bed, with a cupboard under it and a painting of his father made from an with the cushions made right into it- "I like this little chair better than

rattan rocking-chair and a chest of sort o' fit me better. I s'pose its bedrawers, or rather a low kind of bureau cause I have sot in it so many years There was a sorrow in her heart

"Waal," said Jabez Duncan, "I which I could see shining out at her "Isn't the new house beautiful?"

"Yes," she replied, and tears came "What is the matter, Gran'ma?" asked. You do not seem to be happy.' "Don't let Timothy know it," she your ma? Waal, Tim, you're a great said; "he is so good. He's tried to do

She raised her apron and wiped her "Dear boy, he didn't know that this

ould'nt never be a-home to me." The flood burst and she hid her face "I musn't never let him know," she

said, after awhile; "he thought it was "But you will be used to it pretty met her. Before he went he hired soon," I said, "and you will find it they have taken time every now and on Aunt Becky, to go over and stay at You know you said yourself last fall heart of this world in its two rough hands,

> "Yes, I know it. It was old and work much, and then Lizzie would be small, but-but it was-home. She tried to dry her eyes, but the

tears would bubble up. When the stage came in last Wednes- "I can't find nothing in this great say that, in a world like this, the grand- and that we can always bring to them, pect to see them as certainly as I expect boys here doing men's work who never saw a yellow shingle before in day and Major Watts fetched his house," she went on; "there ain't lence. This boly science of imparting horses up with a short turn and a nothing in the right place. It is all flourish of his lines in front of the like I was in some strange country store most all the folks were either where nobody knew my language and over there or standing in the doors I couldn't understand nobody else. looking out, for when Tim went away | This morning I went out to the pasture he said he would be back with his to see Brindle and Bessy and the colt, and it seemed like even they didn't Sure enough, there he was and there know me, and I wish I hadn't gone was Gran'ma Bolton, just as bright away at all, and there was the old and happy as a good man's good mother | house piled up agin the barn, and l can be. Everybody crowded up around | couldn't a-bear to look at them boards her, and the women all kissed her and | -that's all they be now-jest boards told her she was looking ten years -and while I stood there calling

> the edges of the crowd and said "That's | Timothy'd sold it." better not raise any more calves,"]

guess they've got dinner ready for us." I know it; it wa'n't Timothy' "Yes," said Lizzie North, who had fault; he did it all for the best, and I run over bareheaded, wiping her hands | could a-stood it better if it hadn't aon her apron and rolling down her been for the old home piled up there sleeves as she went; "it's all ready in a pile by the barn. But you won't and waiting." Half the women of the never say nothing to Timothy about village had had a hand in making it | it, will you?"

> should never hear of it, and told her she would be all right in a few days. "No, I won't," she said; "them that's lost their homes at my age never get over it. I've jest got to stand it: that's all."

She made a brave effort to keep back around in front where they could see the tears. I could think of nothing that I wanted to say, and we sat with-"Oh, Timothy!" she said, and there out speaking a word for some time.

"Right a-top of the pile was the board his pa nailed onto the place by were moist and shiny, and a big round | the old kitchen door where Timothy tear just bubbled out and ran down | chopped it out to git the kittens that into the wrinkles of a smile that was born under the house when he didn't seem to want to play about her | wa'n't six years old. And there was | very careful and gentle treatment; but the very door that had Carlo's scratches on it, and the butt'ry window where I stood kneading bread "Yes, my dear boy; it is very beau- when I saw Timothy's little brother his last words? Rehearse now the whole fall out of the big apple tree and-and -never say another word but only you were an orphan?" 'mamma' just before-he-died; and

She could say no more. She buried her face in her little wrinkled hands Gran'ma Bolton didn't seem to want and the tears squeezed through her to move. She just wanted to stand fingers and dripped on her lap, as the new loud door-bell clanged, and I went Deacon Bibbs' wife nudged Mrs. down-stairs to tell the caller that phers. They come in and say: Watson behind Gran'ma Bolton, and Gran'ma was not well enough to be

"My!" said the good Mrs. Watson who stood there, "I hope she ain't Job Harding, off a little way, said going to have a real sick spell. She -die just as Tim has got every thing After a little they went over to the fixed to make her the happiest woman "Yes," said Jim Mason, "and sent house. As the rest walked up the in all Tamarack?" - Willis B. Hawkins,

----A Nigger in the Wood-Pile.

Mrs. Yerger (who is reading a newspaper and takes an interest in politics) -I am inclined to think that the meeting of the Czar and the German Emperor may result in the seizure of Montenegro.

Colonel Yerger (who is a little deaf and is thinking about local politics)-What's the sense in the police everlastingly grabbing up a few poor negroes who play monte? It's the hightoned white gambling establishments that should be raided. Let the monte negroes alone. They backed me up

-An embarrassed young man who fee, said: "I hope to give you more

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

An Interesting Sermon on An Every-Day Subject.

*Plasters That Will Not Stick," or Worldly Philosophers Versus Christ's Diselples as Ministers to Troubled Spirits.

The following sermon was 'delivered by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage at East Hamp. ton, N. Y., where he is spending his summer vacation. His text was:

Miserable comforters are ye all-Job, xvi., 5. The man of Uz had a great many trials -the loss of his family, the loss of his property, the loss of his health; but the most exasperating thing that came upon him was the tantalizing talk of those who ought to have sympathized with him. Looking around upon them, and weighing what they had said, he utters the words of my text.

Why did God let sin come into the world? It is a question I often hear dis- of us have had trials in life, and although a time of great congratulation and a very but never satisfactorily ancussed. swered. God made the world fair and ents had not sinned in Eden they might and tell them. Perhaps they could not hard it is to part with him! Another have gone out of that garden and found say much, but it would have been such a goes. Oh, how hard it is to part with her! fifty paradises all around the earth-Eu-rope, Asia, Africa, North and South America-so many flower gardens, or orchards of fruit, redolent and luscious. I suppose that when God poured out the Gibon and the Hiddekel, he poured

and the Susquehanna; the whole earth was very fair and beautiful to look upon. Why did it not stay so? God had the power to keep back sin and woe. Why did He not keep th em back? Why not every cloud posente, and every step a joy, and every sound music, and all the ages a long jubilee of sinless men and sinless women? God can make a they are God's appointed ministers of of the Gospel. Our departed friends are rose as easily as He can make a thorn. Why, then, the predominance of thorns? He can make good, fair, ripe fruit as well as gnarled and sour fruit. Why so much, then, that is gnarled and sour? He can make men robust in health. Why, then, are there so many invalids? Why not have for our whole race perpetual leisure, instead of this tug and toil and tussle for

comfort to a broken heart.

selves can not give comfort to others.

They may talk very beautifully, and they

may give you a great deal of poetic senti-

against them; and, as in tropical climes,

when a tiger comes down from the mount-

lage, the neighbors band together and go

fortunes were sent by enemies, go out and

battle against them. But no; they come

tenderness and mercy, drops the idea of

As one whom his mother comforteth, so will

comfort you.

spoken it would have said:

and the soul cries out:

am putting you."

couraged, and say:

God says:

Now, God puts a soul into the furnace

of trial, and then it is brought out and

run through the crushing machine, and

upon it blow after blow, blow after blow,

enough of these. Not more bores with

which to drill; we have too many bores.

What we really want is keen, sharp, well-

way of making them than in the hot fur-

a livelihood? I will tell you why God let sin come into the world-when I get on the other side of not the mystery of a broken heart. They the Rothschilds on their poverty, as to the River of Death. That is the place know not the meaning of childlessness, pity those who have won the palm. Do where such questions will be answered and the having no one to put to bed at and such mysteries solved. He who this night, or the standing in a room where child!" "Poor father!" "Poor mother!" side of that river attempts to answer this every book and picture and door is full They are not poor. You are poor-you question, only illustrates his own igno- of memories-the door-mat where she whose homes have been shattered-not rance and incompetency. All I know is one great act, and that is, that a herd of place where she stood at the door and families in this world. All day long you woes have come in upon us, trampling down every thing fair and beautiful. A sword at the gate of Eden, and a sword | house. Ah, no, you must have trouble | while? If you have bad four children and at every gate. More people under the ground than on it. The graveyards in in others. But come all ye who have how many children you have, do not be vast majority. The six thousand winters have made more scars than the forted in your sorrows, and stand around in Heaven. Do you think that the grave up. Trouble has taken the tender

six thousand summers can cover the agony. If all the mounds of graveyards that have been lifted were put side by side, you might step on them, and good, sound common sense. nothing else, going all around the world, and around again, and around again. tions that I will bring this morning to dolence there is in this thought! I ex-These are the facts. And now I have to those who are sorrowful and distressed, pect to see my kindred in Heaven; I excomfort to the troubled we ought all of our trouble in love. I often hear people come up from the graveyard back of us to study. There are many of you who in their troubles say: "Why, I wonder could look around upon some of your what God has against me!" They seem to the mountains back of Amoy, China; and very best friends who wish you well and think God has some grudge against them another will come up from the sea off are very intelligent, and yet be able because trouble and misfortune have Cape Hatteras; and thirty will come up

Miserable comforters are ye all. I remark, in the first place, that very voluble people are incompetent for the work of giving comfort. Bildad and Eliphaz had the gift of language, and with their words almost bothered Job's life out. Alas for these voluble people that go among the houses of the afflicted and talk, and talk, and talk, and talk! They rehearse their own sorrows and love that dictates it and makes you per- eyes on the morning of the resurrection, "Yes; you know you thought you'd after awhile. Silence! Do you expect, hand of our Father extracting some yes; you will come up, and there will be with a thin courtplaster of words, to heal thorn. If all these sorrows were sent by gently around about a broken heart. Talk very softly around those whom God has bereft. Then go your way. Deep sympathy has not much to say. A firm just one word that means as much as a would have you, if I thought these miswhole dictionary, and you have given, perhaps, all the comfort that a soul needs. A man has a terrible wound in

from a Father so kind, so loving, so gen-I promised her that of course Tim his arm. The surgeon comes and binds "Now," he says, "carry that arm in a a Father, and says: sling, and be very careful of it. Let no

one touch it." But the neighbors have heard of the ac cident, and they come in, and they say: "Let us see it." And the bandage is pulled off, and this one and that one must know that those who accomplish the most feel it, and see how much it is swollen; and there is irritation, and inflammation and exasperation, where there ought to be healing and cooling. The surgeon comes

"What does all this mean? You have Ah, no! no business to touch these bandages. That wound will never heal unless you

let it alone," So there are souls broken down in sorrow. What they most want is rest, or the neighbors have heard of the bereavement or, of the loss, and they come in to

sympathize, and they say: Show us now the would. What were scene. How did you feel when you found Tearing off the bandages here, and pulling them off there, leaving a ghastly

"Why all this beating? Why must I be unded any more than any other iron?" wound that the balm of God's grace had The workmen would have said: already begun to heal. Oh, let no loqua-"We want to make axes out of you. clous people with ever-rattling tongues go keen, sharp axes-axes with which to hew into the homes of the distressed. Again, I remark that all those persons erect houses, and carry on a thousand enterprises of civilization. That's the and the song of angels! Not one sigh in are incompetent to give any kind of comfort who act merely as worldly philosoreason we pound you."

"Why, this is what you ought to have expected. The laws of nature must have their way t" and then they get eloquent then it comes down upon the anvil, and over something they have seen in the post-mortem examination. Now, away with all human philosophy at such a time! What difference does it make to that father and mother what disease their son died of? He is dead, and it makes no difference whether the trouble was in the to hew with and something to build with epigastric or hypogastric region. If the It is a practical process through which I philosopher be of the stoical school he

will come and say: "You ought to control your feelings. You must not cry so. You must cultivate a cooler temperament. You must have self-reliance, self-government, selfcontrol;" an iceberg reproving a hyacinth for having a drop of dew in its eye. A violinist has his instrument, and he sweeps his fingers across the strings, now evoking strains of joy and now the heavy hammer, I do not know what it Africa they are simply slaves. strains of sadness. He can not play all is Remember that if God brings any the tunes on one string. The human soul kind of chastisement upon you, it is only is an instrument of a thousand strings, to make you useful. Do not sit down disand all sorts of emotions were made to play on it-now an anthem, now a dirge. It is no evidence of weakness when one

"I have no more reason for living. I wish I were dead." is overcome of sorrow. Oh, there never was so much reason for your living as now. By this ordeal you Edmund Burke was found in the pasture field with his arms around a horse's neck, have been consecrated a priest of the

caressing him, and some one said: "Why, the great man has lost his work for the Master. their knives and get up and kick out their knives and get up and kick out their legs and mosey over to ask Tim about it, for he was always to be found aworking at the house until dark.

By and by the house was closed in and all but one of the carpenters went away.

Then some plasterers came, then a working at the women. While the women, who had all their knives and get up and kick out the front room will be while you're here," and gayly she led the wide stairs and into the labor market, that I am heartily sick of the whole business, and I made up my mind long ago that I would have given any thing for a good cry? David did well when he mourned for was all set up, shiny and not a speck up on it. Then Lizzie ran down the back stairs.

While the women, who had all have read so much about the troubles their sorrows. Thank God for the reliet thousand for the region of the carpenters was the blast man I principles, I can not work; but if you want to see come anything for some plasterers came, then a working up in the labor market, that I am heartily sick of the whole business, and I made the way given any thing for a good cry? David did well when he mourned for where you rever been in the labor market, that I am heartily sick of the whole business, and I made the way given anything to do with labor. As I am a man who never forsakes his first up my mind long ago that I would have given anything to do with labor. As I am a man who never forsakes his first up my mind long ago that I would have given anything to do with labor. As I am a man who never forsakes his first up my mind long ago that I would have given anything to do with labor. As I am a man who never forsakes his first up my mind long ago that I would have given anything to do with labor. As I am a man who never forsakes his first up my mind long ago that I would have given anything to do with labor. As I am a man who never forsakes his first up my mind long ago that I would have given anything to do with labor. As I am a man who never forsakes his first up my

Take the promises of the Gospel, and ut-ter them in a maniy tone. Do not be ones. But suppose the piano is shut be-

afraid to smile if you feel like it. Do not | cause the fingers that played on it will no irive any more hearses through that poor more touch the keys, and the childish soul. Do not tell him the trouble was voice that asked so many questions will fore-ordained; it will not be any comfort ask no more. Then is it so easy? When to know it was one million years coming. a man wakes up and finds that his re-If you want to find splints for a broken | sources are all gone, he begins to rebel, one, do not take cast iron. Do not tell and he says: them it is God's justice that weighs out

"God is hard; God is outrageous. He grief. They want now to hear of God's | had no business to do this to me." tender mercy. In other words, do not My friends, those of us who have been give them aqua fortis when they need through trouble know what a sinful sad rebelious heart we have and how much rouble themselves. A larkspur can not fiaming furnace that we can learn our lecture on the nature of a snowflake—it own weakness and our own lack of moral never saw a snowflake; and those people who have always lived in the summer of

prosperity can not talk to those who are the fact that there will be a family reconfrozen in disaster. God keeps aged peo- struction in a better place. From Scotple in the world, I think, for this very | land or England or Ireland a child emiwork of sympathy. They have been grates to this country. It is very hard through all these trials. They know all parting, but he comes, after awhile writ-that which irritates and all that which ing home as to what a good land it is. soothes. If there are men and women Another brother comes, a sister comes, here who have old people in their house, and another, and after awhile the mother or near at hand so that they can easily comes, and after awhile the father comes, reach them, I congratulate them. Some and now they are all here and they have we have had many friends around about pleasant reunion. Well, it is just so with us, we have wished that father and our families-they are emigrating to a beautiful at the start. If our first par- mother were still alive that we might go better land. Now, one goes out. Oh, how comfort to have them around. The aged | And another, and another, and we ourones who have been all through the trials selves will after awhile go over, and of life know how to give condolence. then we will be together. Oh, what a re-Cherish them; let them lean on your arm | union! Do you believe that? "Yes," -these aged people. If, when you speak | you say. You do not! You do not beto them, they can not hear just what you lieve it as you believe other things. out, at the same time, the Hud- say the first time, and you have to say it you did, and with the same emphasis, a second time, when you say it the second | why, it would take nine tenths of your time, do not say it sharply. If you do, trouble off your heart. The fact is, you will be sorry for it on the day when Heaven to many of us is a great fog. It you take the last look and brush back the is away off somewhere, filled with an unsilvery locks from the wrinkled brow just | certain and indefinite population. That before they screw the lid on. Blessed be is the kind of Heaven that many of us God for the old people! They may not dream about; but it is the most tremendhave so much strength to go around, but ous fact in all the universe-this Heaven not affoat. The residence in which you People who have not had trials themlive is not so real as the residence in which they stay. You are affoat; you do not know in the morning what will happen before night. They are housed and ment, but while poetry is perfume that safe forever. "Do not, therefore, pity your departed

smells sweet, it makes a very poor salve. If you have a grave in your pathway, and friends who have died in Christ. They some body comes and covers it all over do not need any of your pity. You might with flowers, it is a grave yet. Those as well send a letter of condolence to who have not had grief themselves know | Queen Victoria on her obscurity, or to not say of those who are departed: "Poor sat, the cup out of which she drank—the they. You do not dwell much with your clapped her hands-the odd figures that are off to business. Will it not be pleasshe scribbled, the blocks she built into a ant when you can be together all the yourself before you can comfort trouble one is gone, and any body asks been bereft, and ye who have been com- so infidel as to say three. Say four-one these afflicted souls, and say to them: "I is unfriendly? You go into your soom had that very sorrow myself. God com- and dress for some grand entertainforted me, and He will comfort you," and ment, and you come forth beautifully apthat will go right to the spot. In other pareled; and the grave is the only piace words, to comfort others we must have where we go to dress for the glorious faith in God, practical experience, and resurrection, and we will come out radiant, radiant, mortality having be-But there are three or four consideracome immortality. Oh, how much conknowing that they will effect a cure. And to go home to-day. Aye, I shall more the first consideration is, that God sends | certainly see them. Eight or truthfully to say to them in your days of come. Oh, no. Do you not remember from Greenwood; and I shall know that passage of Scripture, "Whom the them better than I never knew Lord loveth He chasteneth?" A child them here. And your friends-they comes in with a very bad splinter in its may be across the sea, but the hand, and you try to extract it. It is a trumpet that sounds here will sound very painful operation. The child draws there. You will come up on just the same back from you, but you persist. You are day. Some morning you have overslept going to take that splinter out, so you yourself, and you open your eyes and see take the child with a gentle but firm that the sun is high in the heavens, and grasp; for although there may be pain in | you say: "I have overslept and I must

it, the splinter must come out. And it is be up and off." So you will open your

then they tell the poor sufferers that they sist. My friends, I really think that all in the full blaze of God's light, and you feel badly now, but they will feel worse our sorrows in this world are only the will say: "I must be up and away." Oh, a wound deep as the soul? Step very enemies, I would say, arm yourselves ly. I like what Haliburton, I think it was -good old Mr. Haliburton-said in his last moments: "I thank God that I ever ains and carries off a child from the vil- lived, and that I have a father in Heaven, and a mother in Heaven, and brothgrasp of the hand, a compassionate look, into the forest and hunt the monster, so I ers in Heaven, and sisters in Heaven, and I am going up to see them." I remark once more: Our troubles in this world are preparative for glory. What a transition it was for Paul-from tle, that the prophet, speaking of His the slippery deck of a foundering ship to the calm presence of Jesus! What a transition it was for Latimer-from the stake to the throne! What a transition

it was for Robert Hall-from insanity to glory! What a transition it was for Again, I remark, there is comfort in Richard Baxter-from the dropsy to the the thought that God, by all this process, "saint's everlasting rest!" And what a is going to make you useful. Do you transition it will be for you-from a world of sorrow to a world of joy! John Holfor God and Heaven have all been under land, when he was dying, said: the harrow? Show me a man that has "What means this brightness in the done any thing for Christ in this day, in a

oom? Have you lighted the candles?" public or private place, who has had no "No," they replied, "we have not lighted trouble and whose path has been smooth. any candles." Then said he: "Welcome Heaven!" the light already I once went through an axe factory, and beaming upon his pillow. Oye who are saw them take the bars of iron and in this world, your enemie thrust them into the terrible furnaces. will get off the track after awhile, and all Then besweated workmen with long tongs stirred the blaze. Then they brought out | will speak well of you among the thrones. a bar of iron and put it into a crushing Hol ye who are sick now, no medicines to machine, and then they put it between take there. One breath of the eternal jaws that bit it in twain. Then they hills will thrill you with immortal vigor. put it on an anvil, and there were great | And ye who are lonesome now, there will hammers swung by machinery, each one | be a thousand spirits to welcome you into their companionship. O ye bereft souls! a half ton in weight, that went thump! there will be no grave-digger's spade thump! thump! If that iron could have that will cleave the side of that hill, and there will be no dirge wailing from that temple. The river of God, deep as the joy of Heaven, will roll on between banks oda; ous with balm, and over depths bright with jewels, and under skies reseate with down the forest, and build the ship, and gladness, argosies of light going down the stream to the stroke of glittering our

> the wind; not one tear mingling with the There shall I bathe my weary soul In seas of heavenly rost, And not a wave c. trouble roll Across my peaceful breast. WOMEN IN EUROPE.

"O Lord what does all this mean? Why American Girls Should Give Thanks for Being Born in This Country. "I want to make something very useful out of you. You shall be something A somewhat extravagant speaker one leclared that he considered the duty of every American-born citizen to thank God, night and morning, that he had been born in this country. If he had said every Yes, my Christian friends, we want more tools in the Church of God. Not woman, he would have been nearer the

more wedges to split with; we have truth. There is no country in the world where women have an easier time or are treated with more respect. In Great Britain women tempered axes, and if there be any other | and girls work in the coal mines; in all connace, and on the hard anvil, and under | than beasts of burden, while in Asia and

Even in the republic of Switzerland, no sconer are girls large enough to possess the requisite physical strength than they are set to the most servile work the land affords. The child has a panier basket fitted to her shoulders at the earliest possible moment, and she drops it only when old age, premature but merciful, robs her of power to carry it longer. Sweet little most high God. Go out and do your whole girls of twelve to fourteen can be seen staggering down a mountain side or along

iscompetent for the work of comfort- not have any thing to do with his paper. | pounds, but the law does not concern itself bearing who have nothing but cant to Suppose those people who were once eleoffer. There are those who have the idea gantly entertained at his table get so is their ability to stand up under them. that you must groan over the distressed and afflicted. There are times in grief when one cheerful face dawning upon a easy to be cheerful? It is easy to be nial toll in which they are not engaged. man's soul is worth one thousand dollars | cheerful in the home, after the day's | Are not these things enough to make to him. Do not whine over the afflicted. work is done and the gas is turned on, every American girl give thanks that she

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